

SONGS OF SERVICE

Abridged Edition



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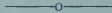
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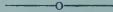
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SONGS OF SERVICE

Abridged Edition

Prepared especially for use at State and County
Sunday School Conventions

Hymns in this booklet selected from the larger Hymnal
SONGS OF SERVICE

Compiled and Edited by

JOHN L. ALEXANDER

SUPERINTENDENT SECONDARY DIVISION
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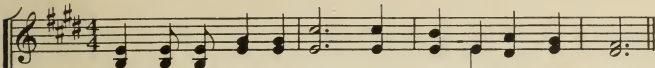
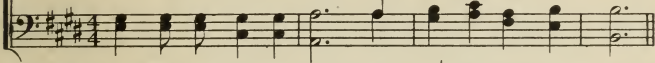
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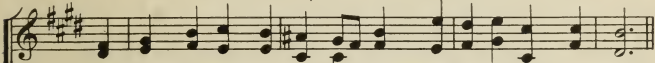
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Crown Him with Many Crowns

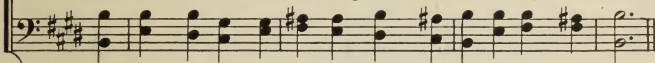
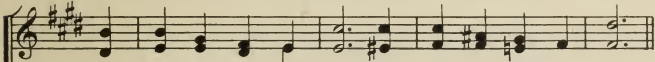
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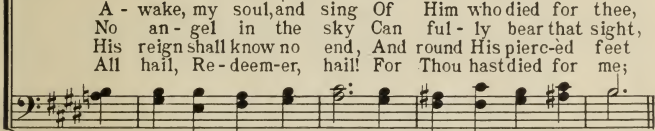
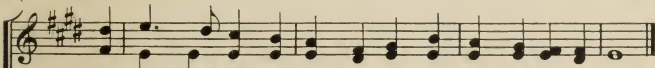
- 
1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,
 3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - tre sways
 4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The po - ten - tate of time,
- 



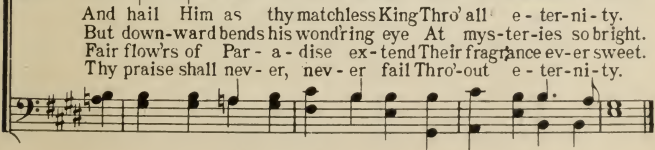
Hark! how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;
 Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove In beauty glor - i - fied:
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise.
 Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, In - eff - a - bly sub - lime.

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
 No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
 His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me;

And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 But down - ward bends his wond'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 Fair flow'rs of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their frag - rance ev - er sweet.
 Thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail Thro' - out e - ter - ni - ty.



Holy, Holy, Holy

REGINALD HEBER

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,— Lord God Al-might - y!
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore_ Thee,
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide_ Thee,

Ear-ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:
 Cast-ing down their gold-en crowns a - round the glass-y sea;
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see:

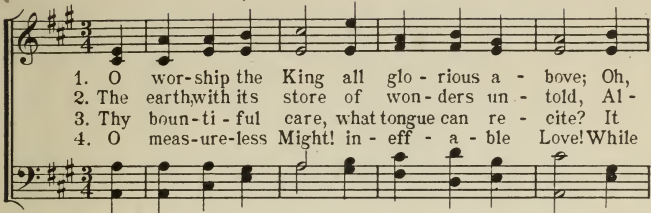
Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,— mer-ci - ful and might - y,
 Cher-u - bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore_ Thee,
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly;— there is none be - side_ Thee,

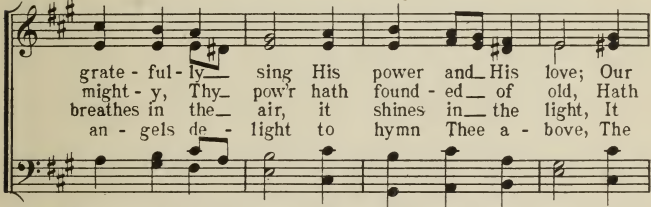
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 Per - fect in pow'r, in — love, and pu - ri - ty.

Oh, Worship the King

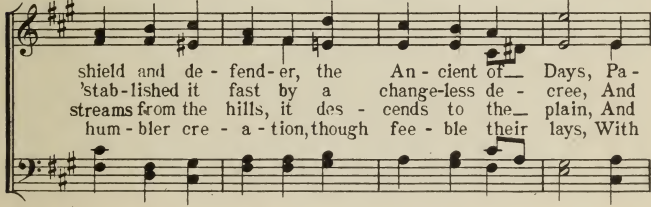
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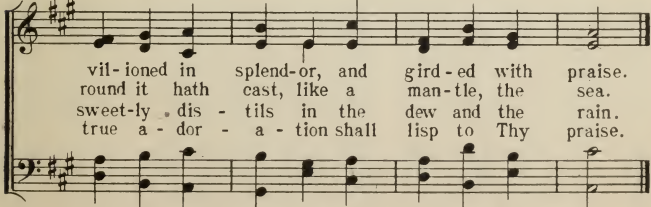
- 
1. O wor-ship the King all glo - rious a - bove; Oh,
 2. The earth with its store of won - ders un - told, Al -
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It
 4. O meas - ure - less Might! in - eff - a - ble Love! While



grate - ful - ly sing His power and His love; Our
 might - y, Thy pow'r hath found - ed of old, Hath
 breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It
 an - gels de - light to hymn Thee a - bove, The



shield and de - fend - er, the An - cient of Days, Pa -
 'stab - lished it fast by a change - less de - cree, And
 streams from the hills, it des - cends to the plain, And
 hum - bler cre - a - tion, though fee - ble their lays, With



vil - ioned in splend - or, and gird - ed with praise.
 round it hath cast, like a man - tle, the sea.
 sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
 true a - dor - a - tion shall lisp to Thy praise.

Come, Thou Almighty King

CHARLES WESLEY

FELICE GIARDINI

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred
 4. To the great One — in Three, The high - est

name — to sing, Help us to praise:
 mighty sword, Our pray - er at - tend;
 wit - ness bear In this glad hour;
 prais - es be Hence, ev - er - more!

Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,
 Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess:
 Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart,
 His sov' - reign maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see,

Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
 Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
 And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

When Morning Gilds the Skies

E. CASWALL

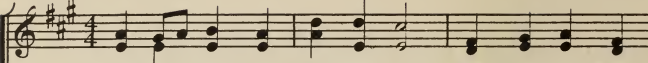
J. BARNBY

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, — My heart a - wak - ing
 2. The night be - comes as day, — When from the heart we
 3. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss — The lov - liest strain is
 4. Be this, while life is mine, — My can - ti - cle di -

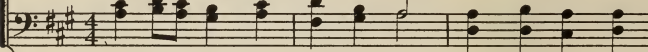
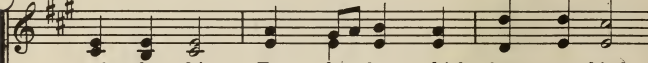
cries — May Je - sus Christ be praised! A -
 say, — May Je - sus Christ be praised! The
 this — May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let
 vine, — May Je - sus Christ be praised! Be

like at work and pray'r, — To Je - sus I re -
 pow'rs of dark - ness fear, — When this sweet chant they
 earth, and sea, and sky — From depth to height re -
 this th'e - ter - nal song — Through all the ag - es

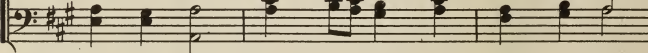
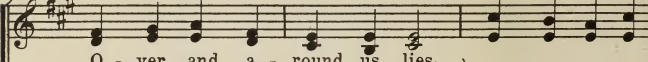
pair; — May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 hear, — May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 ply, — May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 long, — May Je - sus Christ be praised!



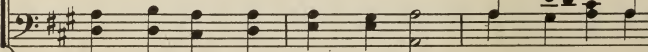
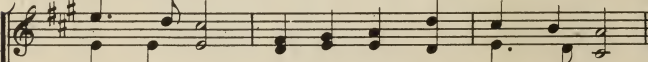
1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty
 2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and
 3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter,
 4. For Thy Church that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly
 5. For Thy - self, best Gift Di - vine! To our race so

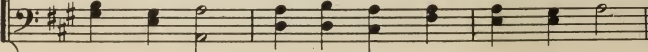
of the skies, For the love which from our birth
 of the night, Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r,
 par - ent, child, Friends on earth and friends a - bove,
 hands a - bove, Off - 'ring up - on ev - 'ry shore
 free - ly giv'n. For that great, great love of Thine

O - ver and a - round us lies,
 Sun and moon, and stars of light,
 For all gen - tle thoughts and mild: } Christ our God, to
 Her pure sac - ri - fice of love;
 Peace on earth and joy in Heavn;

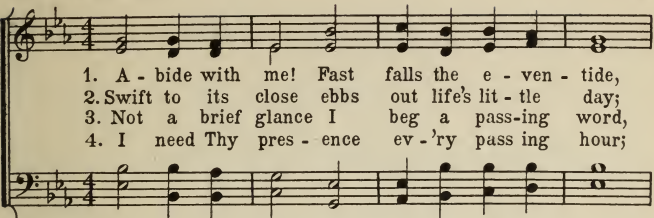
Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.



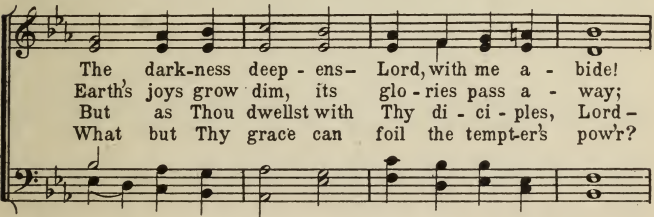
Abide with Me

HARRY F. LYTE

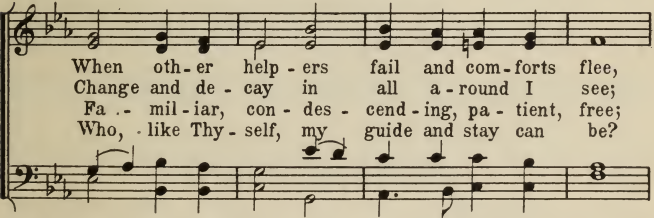
MONK



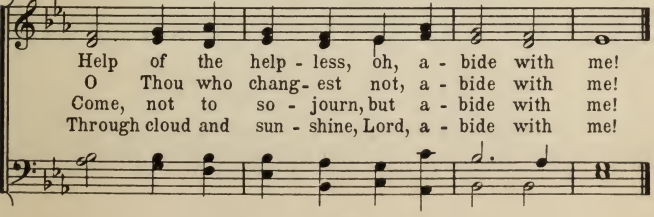
1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide,
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. Not a brief glance I beg a pass - ing word,
 4. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;



The dark - ness deep - ens - Lord, with me a - bide!
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 But as Thou dwelst with Thy di - ci - ples, Lord -
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?



When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Fa - mil - iar, con - des - cend - ing, pa - tient, free;
 Who, - like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?



Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 Come, not to so - journ, but a - bide with me!
 Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me!

Fairest Lord Jesus

W. GLADDEN

German Arr. by R.S. WILLIS

Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,
 Fair are the mead-ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,
 Fair is the sun-shine Fair - er still the moon-light,

O Thou of God and man the Son, Thee will I cher-ish,
 Robed in the bloom-ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
 And all the twink-ling, star-ry host; Je - sus shines brighter,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
 Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.

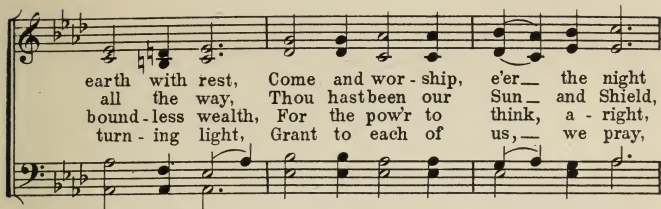
Day is Dying in the West

MARY A. LATHBURY

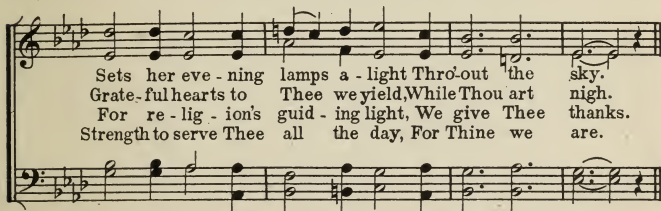
W. F. SHERWIN

Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touch-ing
 Thou hast been our Guide this day, Thou hast led us
 For the gift of strength and health, And for friend-ship's
 Guard us through the hours of night, And with morn's re

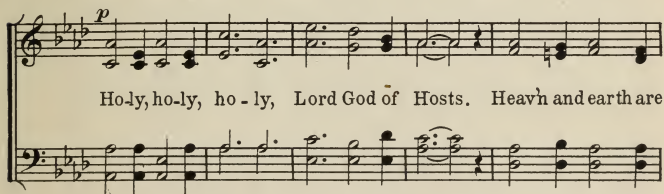
Day is Dying in the West



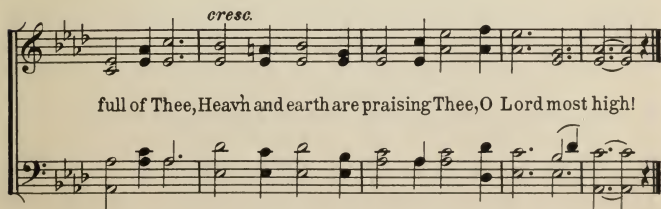
earth with rest, Come and wor - ship, e'er the night
all the way, Thou hast been our Sun and Shield,
bound - less wealth, For the pow'r to think, a - right,
turn - ing light, Grant to each of us, — we pray,



Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light Thro'out the sky.
Grate - ful hearts to Thee we yield, While Thou art nigh.
For re - lig - ion's guid - ing light, We give Thee thanks.
Strength to serve Thee all the day, For Thine we are.



p
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts. Heav'n and earth are



cresc.
full of Thee, Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

O Love That Will Not Let Me Go

G. NEATHESON

A.L. PEACE

O Love that wilt not let me go,— I
 O Light that fol-lowed all my way,— I
 O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain,— I
 O Cross that lift-est up my head, I

rest my wea-ry soul in Thee;— I
 yield my flick'-ring torch to Thee;— My
 can-not close my heart to Thee;— I
 dare not ask to fly from Thee;— I

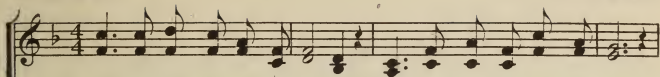
give Thee back the life I owe,— That
 heart re-stores its bor-row'd ray.— That
 trace the rain-bow thro' the rain,— And
 lay in dust life's glo-ry dead,— And

in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, full-er be.
 in Thy sun-shine's blaze its day May bright-er, fair-er be.
 feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
 from the ground there blos-soms red Life that shall end-less be.

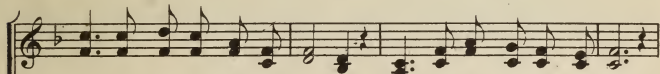
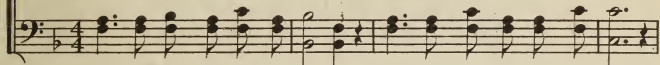
What a Friend

H. BONAR

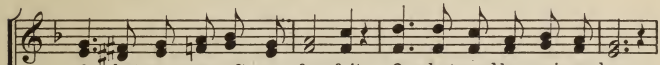
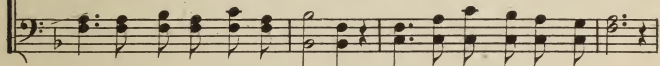
C. C. CONVERSE



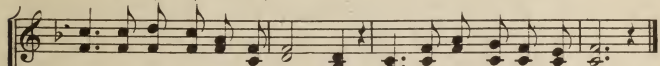
1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temptations? Is there trouble an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and hea-vy-la-den, Cumber'd with a load of care?



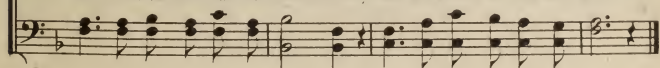
What a pri-i - lege to car-ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!
 We should nev-er be dis-couraged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Precious Saviour, still our ref-uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



O what peace we oft - en for-feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



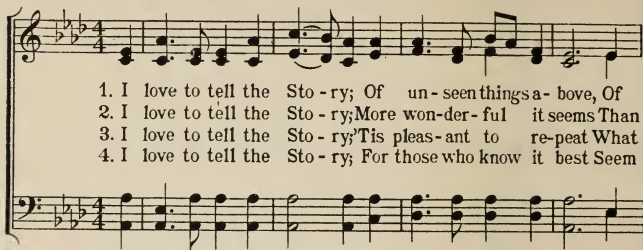
All becau-se we do not car - ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r.
 Je-sus knows cure ev'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-a-ce there.



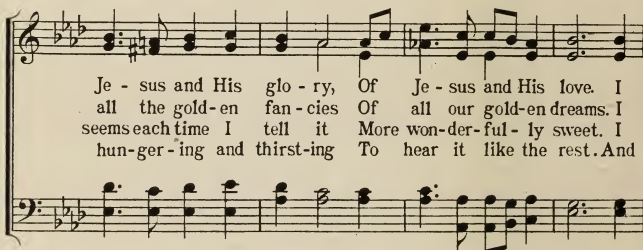
I Love to Tell the Story

KATHERINE HANKEY

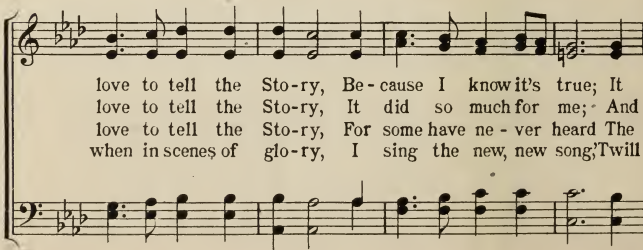
W. G. FISCHER



1. I love to tell the Sto-ry; Of un-seen things a-bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the Sto-ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the Sto-ry; 'Tis pleas-ant to re-peat What
 4. I love to tell the Sto-ry; For those who know it best Seem

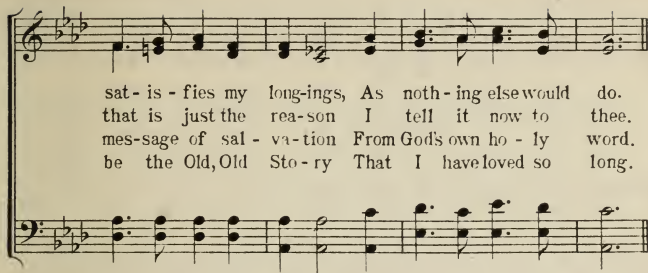


Je-sus and His glo-ry, Of Je-sus and His love. I
 all the gold-en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I
 seems each time I tell it More won-der-ful-ly sweet. I
 hun-ger-ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And

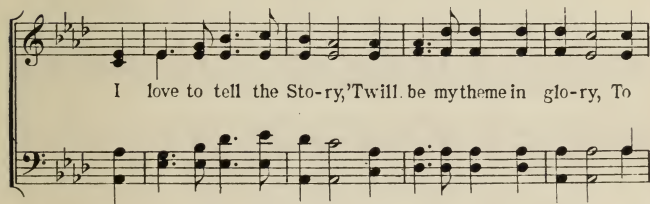


love to tell the Sto-ry, Be-cause I know it's true; It
 love to tell the Sto-ry, It did so much for me; And
 love to tell the Sto-ry, For some have ne-ver heard The
 when in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song; 'Twill

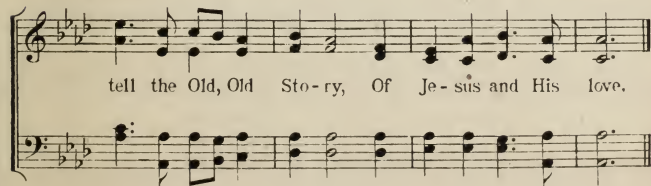
I Love to Tell the Story



sat - is - fies my long - ings, As noth - ing else would do.
that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
be the Old, Old Sto - ry That I have loved so long.



I love to tell the Sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To



tell the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

He Leadeth Me

J. H. GILMORE

Wm. B. BRADBURY

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thot! O
 2. Some - times 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Some -
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When,

words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
 times where E - den's bow-ers bloom, By wa - ters still, o'er
 ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what - ev - er
 by Thy grace, the vict'-ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 troub - led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By

He Leadeth Me

His own hand He lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol-low'r
I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staves.

14 We May not Climb the Heavenly Steps

JOHN G. WHITTIER

W. V. WALLACE

1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steps To bring the Lord Christ
2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, ev - en yet A pres - ent help is
3. Through Him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of child-hood
4. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all. What-e'er our name or
down; In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
He; And faith has still its Ol - iv - et, And love its Ga - li - lee.
frame; The last low whis-pers of our dead Are bur-dend with His name.
sign, We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staves.

I Need Thee Every Hour

Copyright, 1911, by Mary Runyon Lowry

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS Renewal, used by permission Rev. ROBERT LOWRY

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No
 2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou_ near by; Temp-
 3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy— or pain; Come
 4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O

ten - der voice like Thine Can peace_ af - ford.
 ta - tions lose their pow'r When Thou_ art nigh.
 quick - ly and a - bide, Or life— is vain.
 make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-iour, I come_ to Thee!

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

JOHN BOWRING

ITHAMAR CONKEY

1. In the cross of Christ. I glo - ry,
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing,
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure,

Tow - ering o'er the wrecks of time;
 Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy,
 Light and love up - on my way,
 By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me:
 From the cross the ra - diance stream - ing,
 Peace is there that knows no meas - ure,

Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 Adds new lus - tre to the day.
 Joys that through all time a - bide.

I'll go Where You Want Me to Go

MARY BROWN

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL

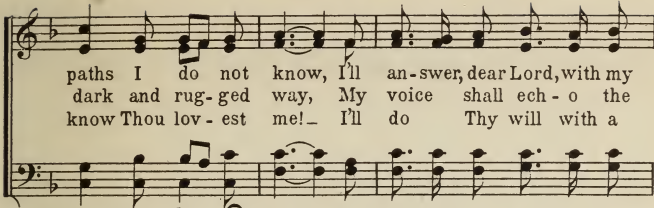
1. It may not be on the moun-tain's height, Or
 2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which
 3. There's sure - ly some-where a low - ly place In

o - ver the storm - y sea; - It may not be at the
 Je - sus would have me speak; There may be now, in the
 earth's harvest - fields so wide, Where I may la - bor thro'

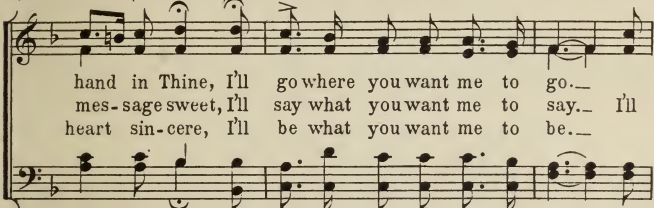
bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me; - But
 paths of sin, Some wan - d'rer whom I should seek. - O
 life's short day For Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied. - So,

if by a still, - small voice He calls To
 Sav - iour, if Thou - wilt be my Guide, Thro'
 trust - ing my all - un - to Thy care, I

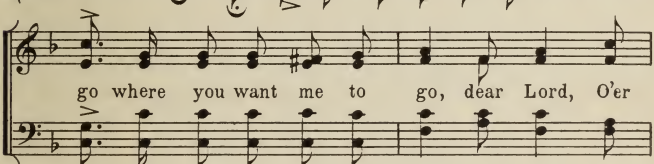
I'll go where you want me to go



paths I do not know, I'll an-swer, dear Lord, with my
dark and rug-ged way, My voice shall ech-o the
know Thou lov-est me!— I'll do Thy will with a



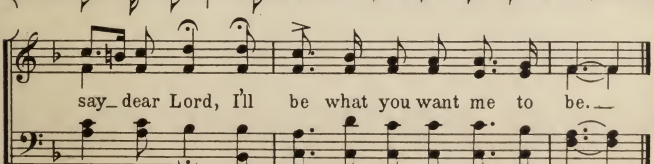
hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.—
mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.— I'll
heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.—



go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er



moun-tain, or plain, or sea;— I'll say what you want me to



say— dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.—

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

EDWARD HOPPER

J. E. GOULD

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the

life's tem-pes-tuous sea; Un-known waves be-fore me
 hush the o - cean wild; Bois-t'rous waves o - bey Thy
 fear - ful break-ers roar 'Twixt me and the peace-ful

roll, - Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and
 will - When Thou say'st to them "Be still!" - Won - drous
 rest, - Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast, May I

com- pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 Sov-'reign of - the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 hear Thee say to me, "Fear not I will pi - lot thee!"

Lord, Speak to Me

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

Arr. from SCHUMANN

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In
 2. O strength-en me, that while I stand Firm
 3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The
 4. O use me, Lord, use e - ven me, Just

liv-ing ech - oes of Thy tone; As Thou hast sought, so -
 as a rock and strong in Thee, I may stretch out a -
 precious things Thou dost im-part; And wing my words that
 as Thou wilt, and when, and where; Un - til Thy bless - ed -

let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.
 troub - led hand To wrest - lers with the troub - led sea.
 they may reach The hid - den depths of man - ya heart.
 face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo - ry share.

Break Thou the Bread of Life

MARY ANN LATHBURY

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me,
 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me,
 Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee,

As Thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea,
 As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
 As Thy di - ci - ples lived in Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord;
 Then, shall all bon - dage cease, All fet - ters fall,
 Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vic - t'ry won,

My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
 And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
 I shall be - hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

Jesus Calls Us

C. F. ALEXANDER

W. H. JUDE

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of
 4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sa - viour,

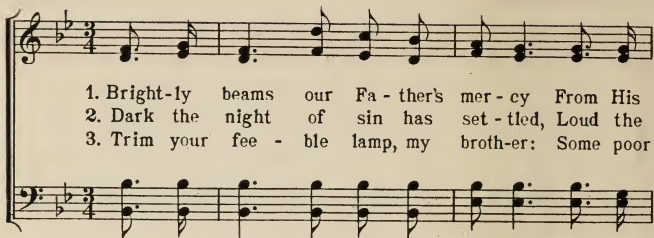
life's wild, rest - less sea; Day by day His sweet voice
 vain world's gold - en store, From each i - dol that would
 toil and hours of ease, Still He calls, in cares and
 may we hear Thy call, Give our hearts to Thy o -

sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me!"
 keep us, Say - ing "Chris - tian, love Me more."
 pleas - ures, "Chris tian, love Me more than these?"
 be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

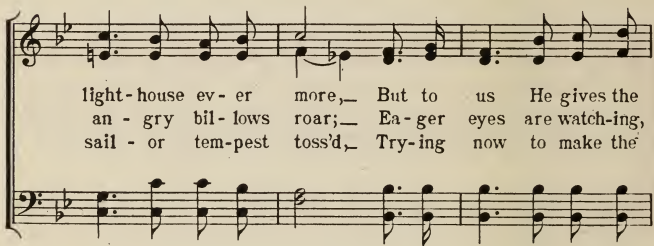
Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

P. P. B.

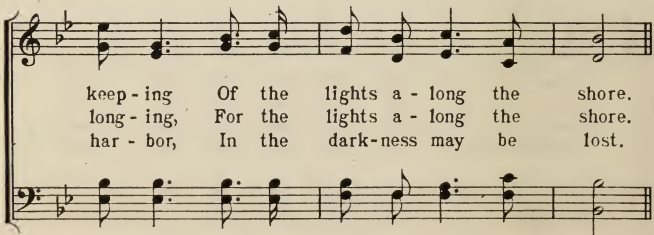
P. P. BLISS



1. Bright-ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His
 2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor



light-house ev - er more, — But to us He gives the
 an - gry bil-lows roar; — Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing,
 sail - or tem-pest toss'd, — Try-ing now to make the



keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music, with lyrics underneath. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing four measures of accompaniment.

gleam a-cross the wave! Some poor faint-ing strug-gling

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, with lyrics underneath. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff concludes the melody with lyrics underneath. The lower staff concludes the accompaniment.

O Master Let Me Walk With Thee

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

T. R. MATTHEWS

1. O Mas - ter let me walk with Thee In low - ly
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear
 3. Teach me Thy pa - tience; still with Thee In clos - er
 4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the

paths of ser - vice free; Tell me Thy se - cret;
 win - ning word of love; Teach me the way - ward
 dear - er com - pa - ny, In work that keeps faith
 fu - ture's broad - ning way, In peace that on - ly

help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
 feet to stay, And guide them in the home - ward way.
 sweet and strong, In trust that tri - umphs ov - er wrong.
 thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

JOHN G. WHITTIER

F. C. MAKER

1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For -
 2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be -
 3. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till
 4. Breathe through the heats of our de - sire Thy

give our fev - 'rish ways; Re - clothe us in our
 side the Sy - rian sea, The gra - cious call - ing
 all our striv - ings cease; Take from our souls the
 cool - ness and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let

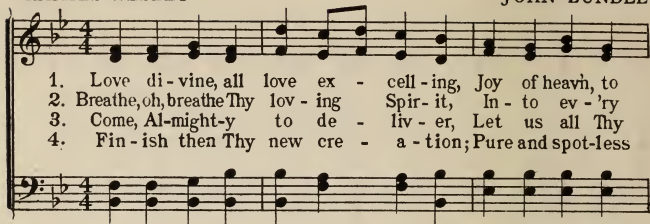
right - ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy
 of the Lord, Let us like them, with -
 strain and stress, And let our or - der'd
 flesh re - tire: Speak through the earth - quake,

ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise.
 out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.
 lives con - fess The beau - ty of Thy peace.
 wind and fire, O still small voice of calm!

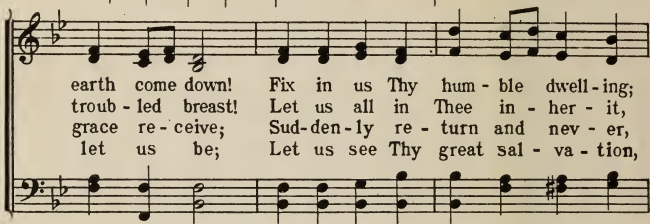
Love Divine

CHARLES WESLEY

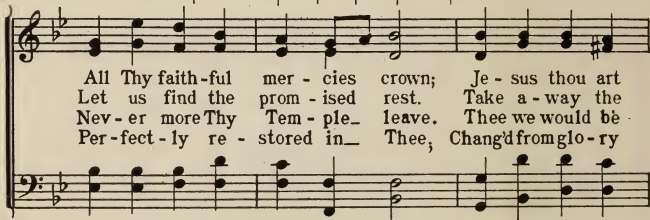
JOHN ZUNDEL



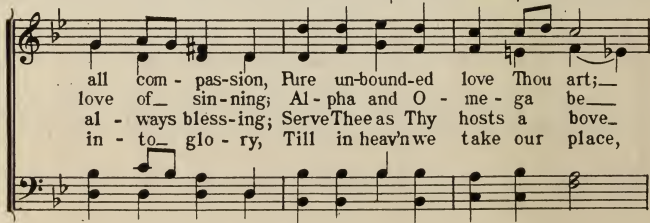
1. Love di-vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to
 2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it, In - to ev - 'ry
 3. Come, Al-might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy
 4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less



earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing;
 troub - led breast! Let us all in Thee in - her - it,
 grace re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re - turn and nev - er,
 let us be; Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion,



All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown; Je - sus thou art
 Let us find the prom - ised rest. Take a - way the
 Nev - er more Thy Tem - ple_ leave. Thee we would be -
 Per - fect - ly re - stored in_ Thee, Chang'd from glo - ry



all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art; -
 love of_ sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be -
 al - ways bless - ing; Serve Thee as Thy hosts a bove -
 in - to_ glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Love Divine

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ry trem - bling heart!
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning Set our hearts at lib - er - ty!
 Pray and praise Thee without ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

26

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

JOHN FAWCETT

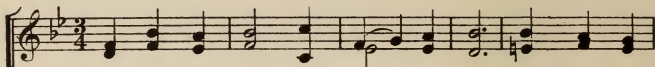
H. G. NAGELI

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us
 Chris - tian love: The fel - low - ship of kin - dred
 ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
 bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each oth - er
 in - ward pain; But we shall still be joined in
 minds Is like to that a - bove.
 one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 flows The sym - path - iz - ing tear.
 heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

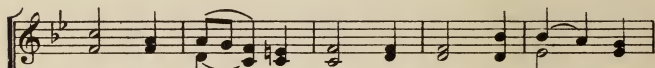
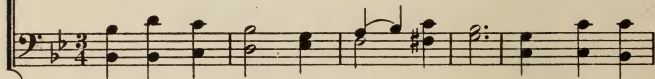
Where Cross The Crowded Ways of Life

F. MASON NORTH

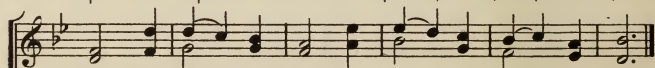
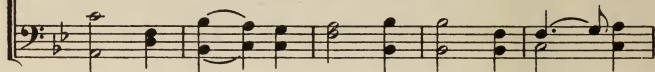
BEETHOVEN



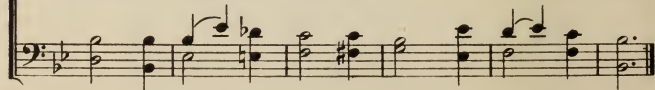
1. Where cross the crowd-ed ways_ of life, Where sound the
2. In haunts of wretch-ed - ness_ and need, On shad-ow'd
3. From ten - der child-hood's help - less-ness, From wo-man's
4. The cup of wa - ter giv'n_ for Thee Still holds the
5. O Mas - ter, from the moun-tain side, Make haste to
6. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love And fol - low



cries of race_ and clan, A - bove the noise_ of
 thresh-olds dark_ with fears, From paths where hide_ the
 grief, man's bur - den'd toil, From fam - ish'd souls, from
 fresh-ness of_ Thy grace; Yet long these mul - ti -
 heal these hearts_ of pain, A - mong these rest - less
 where Thy feet_ have trod: Till glo - rious from_ Thy



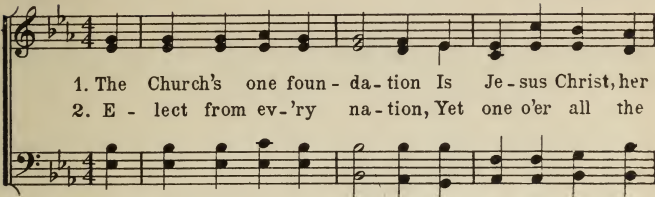
self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son_ of man!
 lure of greed, We catch the vis - ion of_ Thy tears.
 sor - row's stress, Thy heart has nev - er known re - coil.
 tudes to see_ The sweet com - pas - sin of_ Thy face.
 throngs a - bid_e, O tread the ci - ty's streets a - gain.
 heav'n a - bove_ Shall come the ci - ty of_ our God.



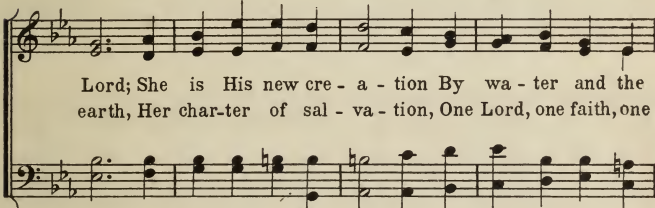
The Church's One Foundation

S. J. STONE

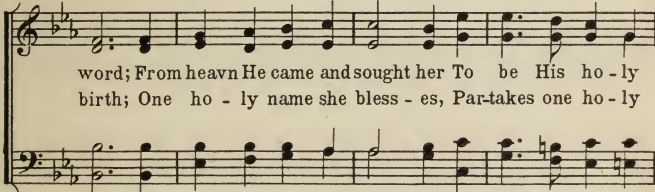
S. S. WESLEY



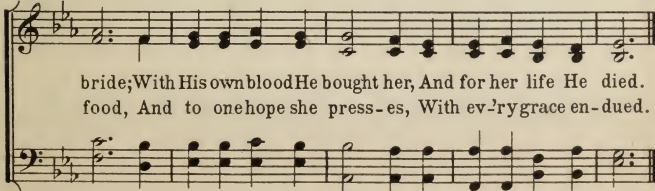
1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her
2. E - lect from ev-'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the



Lord; She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the
earth, Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one



word; From heavn He came and sought her To be His ho - ly
birth; One ho - ly name she bless - es, Partakes one ho - ly

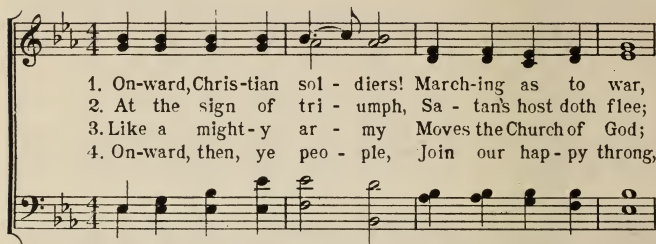


bride; With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
food, And to one hope she press - es, With ev-'ry grace en - dued.

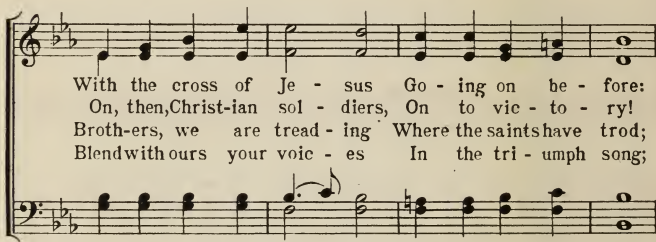
Onward, Christian Soldiers

SABINE BARING-GOULD

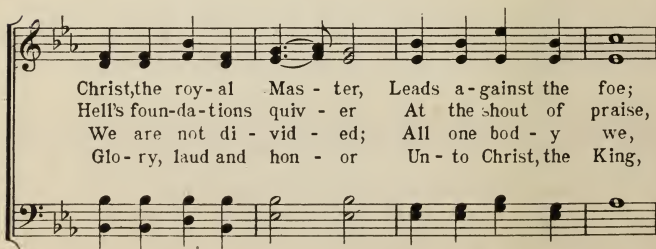
ARTHUR SULLIVAN



1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa - tan's host doth flee;
 3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God;
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore:
 On, then, Chris-tian sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry!
 Broth-ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
 Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri - umph song;



Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
 We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
 Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

Onward, Christian Soldiers

For-ward in - to bat - tle,— See His ban-ner go!
Broth-ers, lift your voic - es,— Loud your an-thems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
This thro'count-less a - ges— Men and an-gels sing.

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, homophonic style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff shows a continuation of the simple melodic line, while the bass staff maintains the harmonic support. The lyrics 'On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,' are printed below the treble staff.

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

The third system of music concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a final note and a double bar line. The bass staff also concludes with a final chord and a double bar line. The lyrics 'With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.' are printed below the treble staff.

I will Answer with the Best that's in Me

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H. G. S.

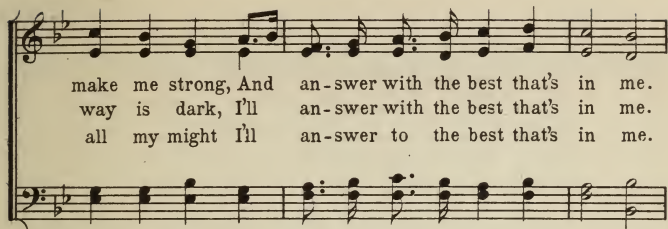
H. G. SMYTH

1. To the ranks of God I do
 2. Tho' the cur - rent's swift, and tho'
 3. When the bat - tle rag - es, and

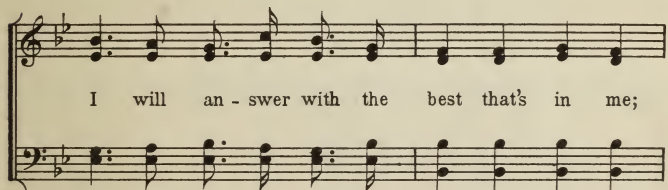
now be - long, There - fore, when I'm tempt - ed to
 frail my bark, And the light from heav - en seems
 fierce the fight, And the Cap - tain calls me to

do a wrong, I will look to Christ who can
 but a spark; Tho' the task is hard and the
 stand for right, I will not grow faint, but with

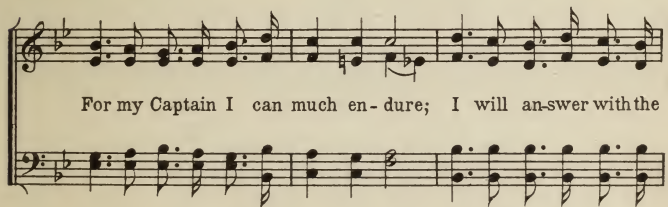
I will Answer with the Best That's in Me



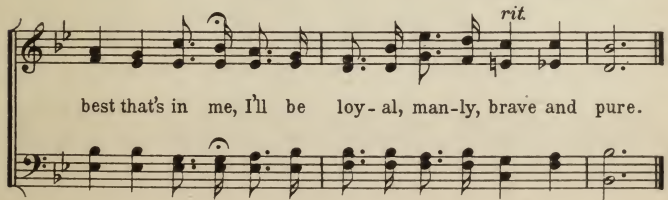
make me strong, And an - swer with the best that's in me.
way is dark, I'll an - swer with the best that's in me.
all my might I'll an - swer to the best that's in me.



I will an - swer with the best that's in me;



For my Captain I can much en - dure; I will an - swer with the

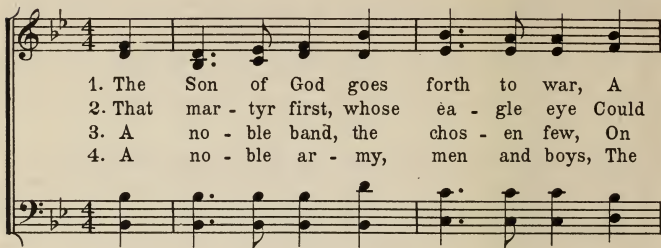


best that's in me, I'll be loy - al, man - ly, brave and pure.

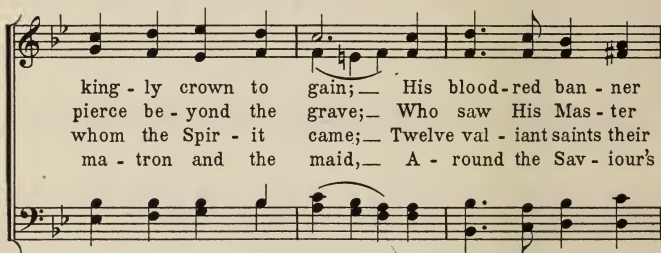
The Son of God Goes Forth to War

R. HEBER

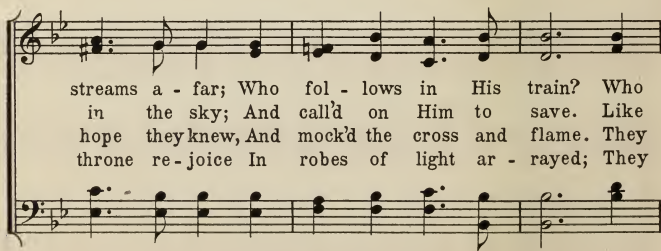
H. S. CUTLER



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A
 2. That mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could
 3. A no - ble band, the chos - en few, On
 4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The

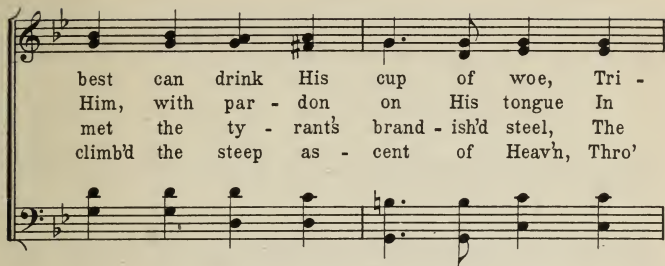


king - ly crown to gain;— His blood - red ban - ner
 pierce be - yond the grave;— Who saw His Mas - ter
 whom the Spir - it came;— Twelve val - iant saints their
 ma - tron and the maid,— A - round the Sav - iour's

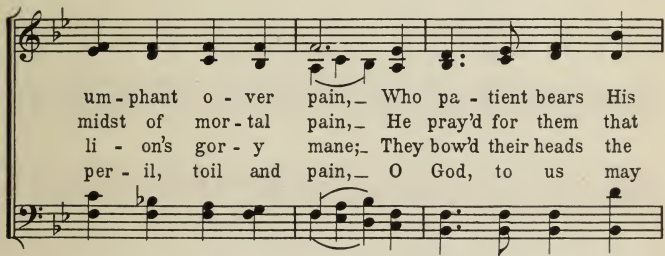


streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train? Who
 in the sky; And call'd on Him to save. Like
 hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame. They
 throne re - joice In robes of light ar - rayed; They

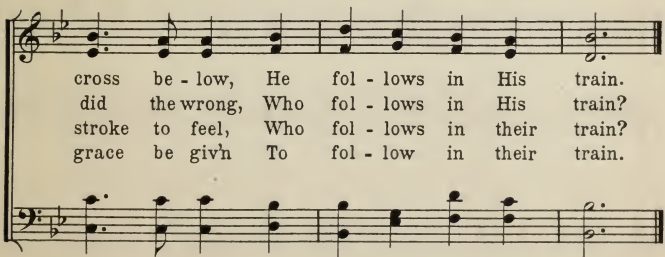
The Son of God Goes Forth to War



best can drink His cup of woe, Tri -
Him, with par - don on His tongue In
met the ty - rants' brand - ish'd steel, The
climb'd the steep as - cent of Heav'n, Thro'



um - phant o - ver pain, - Who pa - tient bears His
midst of mor - tal pain, - He pray'd for them that
li - on's gor - y mane; - They bow'd their heads the
per - il, toil and pain, - O God, to us may



cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
did the wrong, Who fol - lows in His train?
stroke to feel, Who fol - lows in their train?
grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted

F. R. HAVERGAL

Copyright, 1916, by George C. Stebbins
Renewal

GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith-ful and loy-al,
 2. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, full-est al-le-giance
 3. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav-iour all glo-rious!

King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be;—
 Yield-ing hence-forth to our glo-ri-ous King;
 Take Thy great pow-er and reign there a-lone;

Un-der the stand-ard ex-alt-ed and roy-al,
 Val-iant en-deav-er and lov-ing o-be-dience,
 O-ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious,

Strong in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee.
 Free-ly and joy-ous-ly now would we bring.
 Free-ly sur-ren-der'd and whol-ly Thine own.

True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted

Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev - er!

Peal si-lence

The first system of music features a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with the word 'Peal' appearing below the bass staff.

Song of our spir - its re - joic - ing and free;

Song re-joic-ing and free;

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with the word 'Song' appearing below the bass staff.

Peal out the watch-word! loy - al for - ev - er,

Peal loy-al

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with the word 'Peal' appearing below the bass staff.

King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be...

King

The fourth system of music concludes the page. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with the word 'King' appearing below the bass staff.

Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus

GEORGE DUFFIELD

Copyright, 1906, by Adam Giebel
Music Co.

ADAM GEIBEL

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The

sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
 trump - et call o - bey; Forth to the might - y
 in His strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will
 strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From
 con - flict, In this His glo - rious day; Ye
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song; To

Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus

vic-try un-to vic-try, His arm-y shall He lead, Till
 that are men now servé Him, A- gainst un-num-ber'd foes; Let
 on the Gos-pel ar-mor, And watch-ing un-to pray'r, Where
 him that o-ver-com-eth, A crown of life shall be; He

ev-ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed!
 cour-age rise:with dan-ger, And strength to strength op- pose!
 du ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there!
 with the King of glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

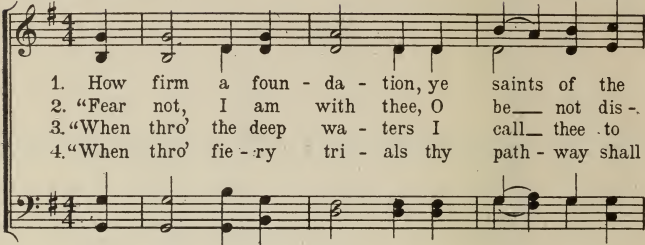
Stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift
 Stand up, stand up for Je-sus,

high His roy-al banner, It must not, it must not suf-fer loss!

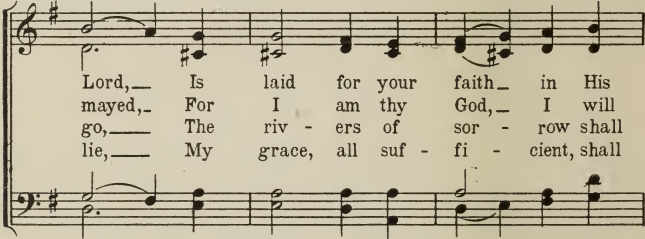
How Firm a Foundation

GEORGE KEITH

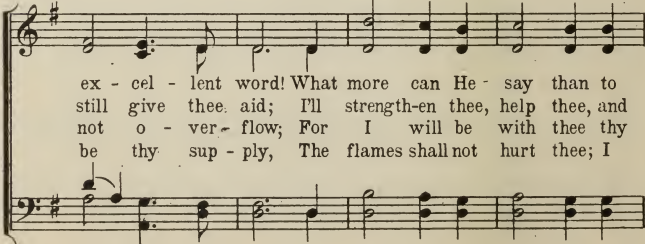
J. READING



1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be — not dis -
 3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call — thee to
 4. "When thro' fie - ry tri - als thy path - way shall



Lord, — Is laid for your faith — in His
 mayed, — For I am thy God, — I will
 go, — The riv - ers of sor - row shall
 lie, — My grace, all suf - fi - cient, shall



ex - cel - lent word! What more can He - say than to
 still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
 be thy sup - ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I

How Firm a Foundation

you— He hath said, ——— To you, — who for
cause_ thee to stand, ——— Up - held_ by my
tri - als to bless, ——— And sanc - ti - fy
on - ly de - sign ——— Thy dross_ to con -

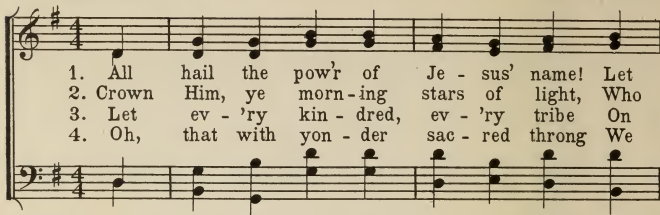
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? ——— To
gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand, ——— Up -
to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, ——— And
sume, and thy gold_ to re - fine, ——— Thy

you, — who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
held_ by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine?"

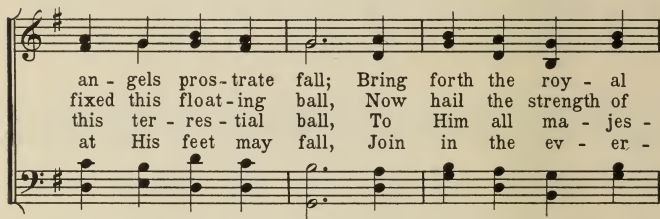
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

E. PERRONET

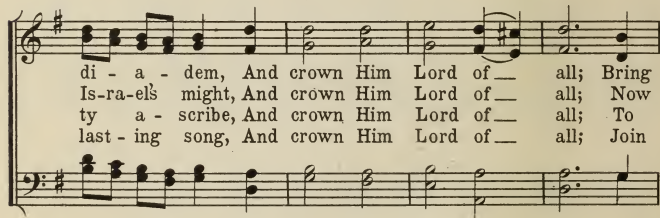
O. HOLDEN



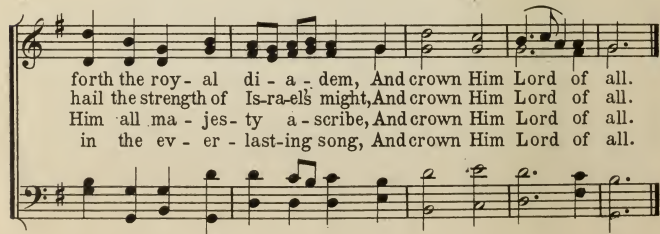
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let
 2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On
 4. Oh, that with yon - der sac - red throng We



an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
 fixed this float - ing ball, Now hail the strength of
 this ter - res - tial ball, To Him all ma - jes -
 at His feet may fall, Join in the ev - er -



di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of — all; Bring
 Is - ra - el's might, And crown Him Lord of — all; Now
 ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of — all; To
 last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of — all; Join



forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 hail the strength of Is - ra - el's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 in the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Faith of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER

H. F. HEMY

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of
 2. Our fa - thers, chain'd in pris - ons dark, Were still in
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all
 4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and

dun - geon, fire and sword: O how our hearts beat high with
 heart and conscience free; How sweet would be their children's
 na - tions win for thee; And thro the truth that comes from
 foe in all our strife, And preach thee too, as love knows

joy, When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
 fate If they like them could die for thee; Faith of our
 God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
 how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

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